The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

August 11, 1923

The World Court

PEACE ought to be the supreme blessing to all mankind. Armed warfare is abhorrent to the ideal civilization. Nations ought no more to need resort to force in the settlement of their disputes or differences than do men in this enlightened day. Out of this conviction, out of my belief in a penitent world, craving for agencies of peace, out of the inevitable presidential contact with the World War's havoc and devastation and the measureless sorrow which attended and has followed it, I would be insensible to duty and violate all the sentiments of my heart and all my convictions if I failed to urge American support of the Permanent Court of International Justice.

I do not know that such a court will be unfailing in the avoidance of war, but I know it is a step in the right direction, and will prove an advance toward international peace for which the reflective conscience of mankind is calling.

Warren G. Harding.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—From an Editorial in the Leader.

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Μιγμα

Mr. Bok's proposition is not to be rated as vain or visionary. It will have effect—widespread effect—in inducing popular discussion of the universal peace problem, and the discussion will inevitably intensify the peace demand and the peace spirit. No doubt that is the main objective deliberately in view on which Mr. Bok is willing to spend $100,000. Meantime the money will doubtless go to somebody suggesting not a radical new departure but the development of ideas already dominant in the peace crusade. And certainly any plan worthy of a prize will stress above all the need of putting a new spirit in the human heart. (*Continent.*)

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If the effects of liquor were confined to the consumer, like the effects of tea, nobody would care how many drunkards there were, so far as legislation is concerned. But the effects of liquor affect not merely the consumer, but all citizens everywhere. Poverty, vice, crime, degradation, horror, the saloon, the brothel, the jail, follow in its wake. Hence the law of prohibition passed against it! To resist, defy, or ignore this law is to set one's own selfish whims and appetites over against the general welfare. It is thus to be the worst of bad citizens! (*John Haynes Holmes.*)

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In the United States we have a democracy, which means that the majority of the people, acting on motives which often have nothing to do with government, freely elect officers who do not give them what they want. And in Italy a strong minority has elected itself and is giving the country the kind of government the majority want but did not know how to get. In other words, the will of the majority seems to be better satisfied in Italy at this moment than in the United States. The Italians certainly enjoy a personal liberty and freedom from regulation beyond even our conception of liberty. (*New York Times.*)

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The twentieth-century intellectual is cut off from communication with his folk. The people still have myth; he has none. . . . No common ground is left, not common ground enough even for disagreement. . . . When the myths become thick and hot there is no possibility of speech. What will you say to a man who believes in hell, or that the Pope of Rome wants to run this country, or that the Jews caused the war, or that Darwinism is a devilish device to undo the pure in heart, or that the authority of the majority should be absolute, or that want of flat conformity should be penalized by expulsion from the state? (*The Nation.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

AN AMBASSADOR OF GOOD WILL

IN Alaska, President Harding called himself "an ambassador of understanding," and said that he would like his administration known as "one that had promoted a better understanding."

Both by his life and by his death he has contributed to that end.

His life was one of faith in his fellow men—faith that differences can be reconciled. He believed in getting them all about the table and threshing it out. He used the phrases "find some common ground," "make minds meet," "give and take." With all this he exhibited a kindly spirit everywhere and to everybody. He would "not step on feet" if there were any other place where he could honorably set down his foot.

That there was nothing mean or petty about him the nation discovered when he chose his Cabinet. He was not jealous of men of greater intellectual attainments. He was not afraid he would be overshadowed. He sincerely rejoiced in the plaudits they earned.

The death of such a man in the line of duty can not fail to emphasize the views which he held. Men will want to study more carefully the things said by this moderate man who wanted all sides considered in any settlement.

That he had to go is a deep sorrow to men of all parties. That he fell in the way he did is a warning as to the unnecessary burdens which we pile on our Chief Executives.

History probably will not call him a great President, but it will call him a good President and a lovable man.

* *

LOOMING UP AT PROVIDENCE

THE special meeting of the Board of Trustees in Boston in the last days of July has insured an interesting and vital Convention at Providence.

Breaking in on vacations, the Board members patiently gave day after day to a survey of our cause and to plans for advance.

For years we have been conscious of lost motion through duplication and competition among various denominational organizations. Like the archaic government at Washington several agencies have been entrusted with the same task.

Now the Board has dealt with this situation. It has prepared a unified plan to submit to the General Convention and to the independent and semi-independent organizations of our denomination like the Universalist Publishing House, the Woman's National Missionary Association, the Young People's Christian Union, the General Sunday School Association and others. The unanimity of sentiment in favor of the plan, the quickness with which some of the allied organizations were interviewed and gave their approval, made those July days in Boston memorable.

No Universalist can afford to miss the Providence Convention. It will be one of the great Conventions.

* *

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW US

THE more we study the Bible, the more we find that it is "a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path." In majestic and beautiful language, it describes the relation between God and representative Hebrew characters. There are many kinds of writing in it, for it is made up of sixty-four different books, the earlier books being five or six hundred years older than the later books. It contains the biography of Jesus so far as we have it. It describes the experiences of early Christians. In it are history and poetry, law and sermons. It is the Christian's Holy Book and half of it the sacred book of the Jews.

Universalists say that they believe in "the trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God." They believe that God spoke through the Bible. They believe He speaks through all noble literature. And this they are sure is not believing less about Divine Revelation, but more. It does not take away, we believe, from the matchless beauty and divine comfort of the twenty-third or one hundred and twenty-first Psalms to assert that God spoke also through Whittier and Alice and Phoebe Cary.

So we believe in the old Bible, and the new Bible being written, into which go the highest thoughts God has given man since the blessed old book was composed.

And we believe that it is honoring not dishonoring the old book to find out all we can about it, to lift the veil from the past, to learn the origin and history of the different books, and to see how the revelation of the power and love of God grew clearer age after age.

It clears up many hard things to learn that God used human agencies in giving us the book. Some were so imperfect that they even thought God commanded men to dash out the brains of little children. Understanding how God gave us the revelation we are not troubled to find such things in the book. They are the thoughts of His children just struggling upward. And when we reach places like "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," we know the light can break through. "Take it all or none" seems queer talk to us, for we know that in fact nobody does it. God depends on us to "prove all things."

It seems tragic to us that some people think that reverent scholarship applied to the Bible is in some way wicked. To us the opposite thing—failure to study, refusal to love God with the mind, closing the mind to the new revelation—is the sad and wicked thing.

When we say "we" we do not mean just Universalists. We know that Episcopalians and Presbyterians and Quakers and Baptists and the others, larger, stronger, than we are, have done more to make the light of revelation shine than we have. But we are grateful to be helpers in digging out truth, for we know that there can never be danger or harm in anything that is true.

And because we have tested and proved it, we know the comfort, peace and joy in believing that both Bible times and our times belong to God, and that both the sixty-four books and the thousands since which contain truth and beauty reveal God.

And whatever you may think about Divine Revelation, will you not agree that those who hold the old view and those who hold the new view both had better stay in the Churches, be tolerant of one another, and give their united energies to making the kingdom of peace and brotherhood come on earth now?

* *

PRESIDENT HARDING ON THE WORLD COURT

IN the address which was to have been delivered at San Francisco, released for publication just before he died, President Harding reiterated his belief in the World Court and defended himself from the charge of going back on the proposition in his St. Louis address. "The big thing," said the President, "is the firm establishment of the court and our cordial adherence thereto. All else is mere detail."

In what will be read and quoted as his farewell address to the American people, he pleaded for this great agency—not as an institution which would be sure to abolish war, but as a step in that direction. He said:

> Why should there not be a court of this character with the most cordial American support? We originated the modern suggestion of such a tribunal and have been advocating it for years.
>
> There manifestly are controversies between nations, as there are between the men who constitute them, which should be decided by a court. There are controversies calling for the examination of facts and the application of principles of law. There are international contracts, better known as treaties, now more numerous than ever, to be interpreted. I should be the last man in the United States to surrender an essential, national right, or to yield the right to exercise self-determination.
>
> But here is a distinction between questions of a legal nature and questions of policy or of national honor, and there has emerged from the discussions of jurists an agreement defining justiciable disputes as those which relate to the interpretation of a treaty, to any question of international law, to the existence of facts which would constitute a breach of international obligation, or to the reparation to be made for such a breach. A nation which believes in the reign of law, preferable to the rule of force, must subscribe to an agency for the law's just construction.
>
> How else may controversies between nations be determined? Is a controversy to be left a festering sore? If it is, then there is ever increasing danger that the ultimate alternative to peaceful settlement would be arbitrament of arms. The logical way to prevent war is to dispose of the causes of war, and the honest desire for peace must be supported by the institutions of peace. If controversies over legal rights are to be determined peacefully, there must be a tribunal to determine them, and I most devoutly wish the United States to do its full part, to voice a national conscience toward making secure the provision and strengthening the agencies for the peaceful settlement of international disputes. Our own interests require the judgment of such a tribunal of international justice, and the interests of world peace demand it.
>
> Because such a court is not able to deal with every sort of controversy, but only with those appropriate for a court to decide, is no more reason for dispensing with it than that we should cease hating war because there is no effective way to outlaw it. I would instantly subscribe to any proposal to outlaw war if some one would point to the effective way to accomplish it.
>
> There is no immediate access to perfected world conditions. No demand for the millennium will prevent war. If the plain and very simple path of progress in dealing with those controveries which all countries recognize to be susceptible of settlement through judicial tribunal is not to be followed, then hope lies dead and no progress is possible.
>
> The big thing is the firm establishment of the court and our cordial adherence thereto. All else is mere detail. No matter what the critics may say, we have the obligation of duly recognizing constituted authority, and I had rather have the Senate grant its support and have the United States whole-heartedly favor the permanent court than prolong a controversy and defeat the main purpose. I respect the Senate precisely as I would have it respect the Presidency, and I can appraise opposition which is conscientiously inspired. In the grant of the same consideration which I would be justified in asking, I cherish the belief that fear may be allayed and hope encouraged.
>
> It is the forward step to which we must first aspire. Our hopeful aspiration is to contribute whatever we can toward the elimination of the causes of war. My recital of two years of work in furthering our friendly foreign relations has had for its object the emphasis of that aspiration and the fruits of practicable application. Future accomplishments must be founded upon the combination of considered and practicable steps, and must have the support of an undivided American good will.

In our opinion the United States, which first made the suggestion, will never repudiate it.

It would be a great memorial to Warren G. Harding if our politicians would drop their selfish aims and unite to put this World Court through.

Cruising Around a Changing World

XXXI Around Bombay

John van Schaick, Jr.

TWELVE hundred years ago a little company of fire worshipers fled from Persia because of Mohammedan persecution and sought refuge in India.

The Hindus gave them welcome but compelled them to conform to some Hindu customs and to respect some of the observances of the Brahman faith. As a sign of subjection they were made to wear a stiff black cap shaped like the hoof of a cow, which they keep to this day.

They were followers of Zoroaster, that prehistoric reformer who purified primitive Aryan religion a thousand years before Christ. They had a great All-Father God and various manifestations of God, or Gods, in other things. From early times earth, water and fire were regarded as sacred and not to be polluted in any way.

They brought their sacred fire with them to India and kept it burning. Persecuted in minor matters, powerless politically, proscribed socially, as always happens in such cases they fell back upon themselves and became united as they never had been before, worked hard and made a place for themselves as mechanics and small shop-keepers.

In the course of time the British came to India. Restrictions upon them were removed. In British eyes, Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists and Parsees alike were equal before the law. Then the inherent ability of these people showed itself. They sprang to the front. In business they were not only frugal and hard working, but they showed initiative and daring. Soon from little traders they grew to be big traders, merchant princes and bankers. From artisans they became owners of factories. Their sons studied law and medicine, science and engineering, and became professional and technical men. Out of their wealth they built schools, colleges, hospitals and philanthropic institutions of various kinds.

To-day in all India there are not 100,000 of them in a population of 300,000,000. In Bombay there are not over 40,000 or 50,000 of them in a city of 2,000,000, but they are the most powerful element in the population. They own the majority of the stock in the cotton mills and the iron works. They develop the natural resources of the region. The huge mercantile establishments belong to them. The great fortunes are in their hands. They are the controlling group in the local government of Bombay. And even in financial circles of London, Paris and New York, we are told, the names of Parsee financiers are known and respected.

They have not been prosperous so long that they have become idle. They keep their word. They are most generous. The central virtue of the old faith they profess is truthfulness. The great evil is falsehood. Changing as their religion and every religion is in a changing world, they seem to have clung tenaciously to the fundamentals. They keep faith.

Now it must not be supposed that this phenomenal rise to power has not been accompanied by a certain amount of jealousy. Especially where our neighbor's prosperity impinges upon us, we are apt to resent it. This growth in wealth and power has made the Parsee able to buy and build and maintain beautiful homes. In every city there are a limited number of choice places for homes. Where the Parsees have taken them, it has left just so many less for British, Mohammedans or Hindus.

In India, it is not always a question of social position which is involved in a choice building site. It is a question of health and often of life and death. Down on the edge of the water they die of plague. Up on Malabar Hill they escape.

So as leases have run out or property has been offered for sale, Parsees have taken it. Nobody could compete with them. This has made British residents who have been crowded out, and particularly British women, bitterly complain: "These people had better be kept in their places." "It is an outrage to have them take Malabar Hill."

In relation to the Parsees and all other inhabitants of India there are two manifestations of British thought, showing how foolish it is to say "the British think this or think that."

With many counter movements, with many glaring wrongs here and there, the steady trend of British rule in India has been to develop India for the inhabitants of India. "They must increase, but we must decrease," has been the result of the action taken even if it has been at times unconscious action. The British have done the hard, dirty, disagreeable but necessary job of ruling some fifty races, many countries and religions. They have steadily helped India forward.

The forward looking British have had to overcome the opposition of many a noble Lord and Lord Bishop and Tory squire in the House of Commons whose only thought has been that people had better learn in whatever state they are therewith to be content.

Anglo-Indians, like one of the officials on our train going to Agra, often distrust all steps toward self-government. They want any Indian to get off the sidewalk when a European comes along, any native motor car to be held up to let even a white clerk saunter across a street, and all arguments settled by gun fire. I heard one say to our fellow passengers in the next compartment: "The government is too weak with the beggars. One shot point blank will do more good than a bushel of proclamation, and keep them down for months. Yes, they die of plague in their dirty huts. We don't go near them. A man has to look out for himself."

The remark, of course, was not true. The sanitary service does grapple fearlessly with the plague. But I had no question about this particular man looking out for his own dirty, cowardly, hide.

It is this kind of British which Rev. Fred Fisher of the Methodist Episcopal Church saw as a young man in India, and which has given to this otherwise noble and useful man, now a powerful Bishop of the Methodist

Episcopal Church, his one-sided view of the British.

With a government which gives longer and larger scope for Indians to take control of their own affairs, there goes a social ostracism which is about one hundred per cent perfect.

The Indian boys go to English universities. They play cricket. They are even entertained socially in England, but when they come back to India they can not join British clubs and they are not received in British society. This is probably a greater source of irritation than all political disabilities or religious antagonisms put together.

The only white people in India who recognize the darker races as equals are the missionaries.

One might easily point out that many of the dark-skinned are Aryans of the same racial stock to which we belong, but prejudice is insensible to fact or argument.

One little touch with the Orient makes me sure that Christ himself was so dark-skinned that many of his professed followers in both England and America would not receive him into their houses if he could come back to-day.

It also makes me sure that "mere social factors," "social recognition," "social rejection," are mightier factors in human progress than anybody is willing to admit. Just pointing the thing out will help the noble unselfish women of power in society to use it more steadily and carefully for the best things; and it will have a tendency to weaken the power of the shallow, selfish women who live for admiration only.

All this is apropos of our visit to Bombay, one of the most interesting cities I have ever seen.

We went the usual tourist round in a forenoon, and were so fascinated by it that we took it over again in the afternoon with Justice Munger of the United States Circuit Court and Mrs. Munger, who had been dragged elsewhere in the morning.

It involved, of course, the high places and the low, the lovely drives out along the Back Bay, up Malabar Hill past innumerable magnificent villas, some bearing English names and some Parsee names, to the Parsee Towers of Silence, to a Hindu burning place, to a Mohammedan cemetery, to a Christian missionary compound and, last and most interesting of all, to the markets, the shops, the street of jewelers, the street of brass merchants, and the silk bazars and the others. Again all the races and nationalities and religions and garbs on earth seemed to meet in the picturesque, crowded bazars of this great city.

And blocked as we were finally by sacred cows reposing on the narrow right of way, by dogs, by people, by bicycles, by bullock carts, by trucks, by motor cars, there made its way past us an open litter on which lay a young Hindu woman whose body was covered with flowers, and whose upturned face, unveiled, showed in an unusual way the unchanging calm and peace of the last sleep. There flashed over me again a realization of what Charles Dickens has described with such power and beauty in every novel, the strange meetings and partings of the world, the little touch with a life here and there, the larger associations which make or unmake us.

"We never met this woman," I said to my wife, "until this instant going to her funeral pyre. The lines of our lives have this one contact. And yet neither of us will ever forget that quiet face."

We were not repelled by any of the burial customs. Twice we were at the Hindu burning place, or crematory as we would call it. The first time we looked in and saw a great flame leap up around a burning body. The second time we went in and there lay a flower covered litter on the ground. One by one the half naked attendants piled up logs of wood, held by an iron frame, until it made a pyre perhaps six by six by three feet. In the middle just like a log was placed the body of a woman, all covered by the upper logs. It didn't seem so terrible when a man, presumably a relative, put fire to it. The body was practically hidden by the wood, the smoke and flame. And nothing is so clean as fire. The number of fires and the steadily arriving litters were pathetic reminders that the plague was busy in Bombay.

The Mohammedan cemetery next to the burning place seemed cool and peaceful, the more so because it reminded us of quiet hillsides outside of city gates and villages of our own country where loved ones sleep. It had stones exactly like the old cenotaphs in the Congressional cemetery at Washington, which our early lawmakers thought they would erect for every senator and member who died. We would have had to move Washington by this time if they had not desisted.

Most impressive were the Parsee Towers of Silence on Malabar Hill. In a lovely grove, with many cedar trees pointing to heaven, with a little temple in which the fire always burns, there stand the five circular towers, or walls enclosing a platform and a pit, where the Parsee dead are laid for vultures quickly to take all flesh from the bones. It seems repulsive in some ways, but not more so than decay in a tomb or in the earth.

The earth, according to the Parsee, ought not to be polluted by dead bodies, the fire ought not to be compelled to touch them nor the water to take them in. So the waiting birds are used. Naked, the bodies are laid out, a child on the inner circle, a woman in the middle, a man on the outside. In an hour all is over. The bones drop down. Regularly all bones are taken with gloves and tongs and thrown into the central pit, millionaire and beggar together. There the rain falls on them, the sun beats on them, the air dissolves them, and they are washed on to filter beds of sand and charcoal. At last nothing but pure water seeps away into sacred mother earth.

All agree that the funeral ceremonies of the Parsees are solemn and imposing. As the Parsee is dying, the priest breathes a prayer for forgiveness. When life is extinct the priest preaches a sermon of which the deceased is the subject, and relatives and friends are exhorted to live pure, holy and righteous lives so they may hope to meet him in Paradise.

The body is then washed, perfumed, dressed in white clothing and laid on a bier. One old superstition which survives is that a dog is solemnly brought in to take a farewell look at the master to drive away evil spirits. In stately procession, everybody in white, with priests reciting prayers, the male friends of the deceased in attendance, the body is borne to the Towers of Silence. There in the temple the last prayers are said and the body laid away.

We felt that if the crowds of waiting vultures could only be kept out of sight, the ceremony would lose the last repellent element. But there they sat, waiting. They could be absolutely sure, if they could think, of what was coming.

There are some other things in the Parsee ceremony we might adopt in our crowded, hurried, American life. Three days after the body is left in the Towers of Silence, all relatives and friends assemble at the fire temple. The son or adopted son kneels before the high priest and promises observance of all obsequies for the dead. A list of contributions to charity subscribed in the name of the deceased is handed in. And on every anniversary of the death, shrubs and flowers are planted in an iron frame-work in the home in memory of the deceased and prayers are said before these frame-works two or three times a day.

Impressive and even awe-inspiring as these visits were to the Towers of Silence, it was a relief to drive straight off to an American Board mission compound to meet three up-standing Congregational missionaries, and to visit a beautiful little Congregational church. Rev. William Hazen, Mrs. Hazen and Mr. Wendell were at the American Mahrati Mission in Byculla, Bombay, when we got there, but a few days later we would have missed them. Mr. and Mrs. Hazen were packing up to go to the United States for a Sabbatical year. Mr. Wheeler was "off to the hills" for a short vacation. School was "out" for the hot weather. But not only were we welcome but Mr. Hazen and Mr. Wheeler had been down to the ship to invite people to come out to visit their work. There was a pathetic sentence in Mr. Hazen's farewell letter to the workers and students, dated April 21:

"Recently Bombay has been visited by three American tourist steamers. Out of the hundreds who came only two different parties had ever heard of our needy children or took the trouble to look us up. We think they (the children) are far more interesting than pearls which can be bought by the rich in the pearl bazar, and which prove such an attraction for many of our visitors."

For 110 years this Mission has been at work. It has wrestled with famine and pestilence. Barehanded it has got right down to a fundamental fight to save first the physical and then the moral and spiritual lives of thousands of children. Its workers are scattered over a wide district.

I can't pass judgment on its work for I have not seen it. But I can say that the Hazens and Wheelers are the kind of people I should pin my faith to. Free from fanaticism, of intense conviction, full of faith, resourceful in good works, loving the people for whom they labor, they could call themselves by any name or no name and I would be for them.

I have read the history of the mission, the story of those who have died in the work, slain by fanatics or succumbing to disease. I can sense just a little the enormous difficulties of their labor in India.

Their work and the work of all Christians seems to make little headway except with the lowest class. But even with Jesus himself, it was "the common people" who "heard him gladly."

And the one strong, uncompromising, positive note about the future of India that I heard in the country was from Hazen: "India is coming out all right. Great changes are taking place. Great progress is being made. We have our own little part in it. India is coming out all right."

By one day we missed other strong men like the two Fairbanks brothers from up country, whose father also gave a life of service to the Mahrati Mission.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazen will be at the missionary home in Auburndale, Mass., at least part of the next year. Church people ought to be interested in them. If I am not mistaken, they know much about India. And India is a subject which is going to loom so big in modern life that we all owe it to ourselves to find out all we can about it. To me it is tragic to have such people come home after years of noble service and feel "out of it." Dr. Fox of New Haven, some weeks ago, read aloud on board Ian MacLaren's "Afterwards," the last words of which are: "We sin against our beloved not because we do not love, but because we do not imagine."

Arabian Sea, April 27, 1923.

The Providence Program

THE Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention—the governing body of the Church when the Convention is not in session—met in the Board Room at Universalist Headquarters, Boston, Monday, July 30, to consider suggestions for the future of the Universalist denomination.

There were present: Judge Roger S. Galer, Dr. Lee S. McCollester, Dr. Vincent E. Tomlinson, Louis Annin Ames, President Joseph M. Tilden, R. L. Richmond, Secretary Roger F. Etz, Dr. Henry R. Rose and Mrs. W. H. McGlauflin. Dr. Frank O. Hall, Dr. Wm. H. McGlauflin and representatives of the denomination at Universalist Headquarters were also present.

The main questions discussed were a statement of the objects of the Church, a budget system to take the place of drives for funds, a tying together of denominational organizations and activities to make a more efficient machine, and the quick completion of the campaign for the Washington church.

So important were the matters considered that after spending two days upon them the Board adjourned until Thursday, Aug. 30, the next meeting to be held at Universalist Headquarters in Boston.

Seldom has a Board meeting been characterized by greater unity, or stronger determination to move rapidly in the realization of important ends. Immediately after the meeting of Aug. 30-31 the *Universalist Leader* will print full accounts of the matters to be laid before the Providence Convention, so that the rank and file of the Church may scrutinize carefully what the Board has in nind.

Meanwhile the *Leader* will make editorial refer-

ence to various important matters and discuss them so far as the confidential nature of the July meeting will permit.

The remark of one discriminating observer of the proceedings after the meeting was: "At last the leaders of the Church are leading. Great things will come out of Providence."

Said another: "These two days are more important for the future of the Church than any two Conventions in my lifetime."

And the consensus of opinion of the Board members themselves was that they had gone farther in two days and done more than they had expected to do in two years.

What Our People Are Thinking

The Secretary of the General Convention sent out six hundred circular letters asking our ministers and laymen to outline a program for the Church as a whole. There were 150 replies. We shall print these replies without giving names. Some are from our leaders. Some are from people comparatively unknown. All are worth considering.

FROM A METROPOLITAN MINISTER

FIRST. There ought to be a new statement of our principles. The present statement is so nearly *great* that it is imperative that we make it truly and wholly great and thereby command the attention and admiration of the Christian world.

Second. There ought to be and must be an agency to enthuse our people with our undeveloped opportunities, to collect money for the attack upon them and to direct the use of the money so gathered.

I mean specifically that instead of *only* spasmodic drives for denominational promotion we should have a board whose energies would be devoted to this work. There should be a man in the field twelve months of the year preaching his visions of opportunity and collecting money to develop them. The Methodists used to call their board the Church Extension Society. The Congregationalists called theirs the Church Building Society. Every denominational gathering was addressed by the representative of this work and we all gave till we bled *and the denominations became great.*

Of course all of this would be quite in addition to the great work of our General Superintendent.

An illustration of the need I am urging: In Chicago our state board recently employed Miss Markley to set about gathering a congregation in the most prosperous division of the city. They pay her salary. This is excellent. The Methodists or Presbyterians or Baptists or Congregationalists would have funds to contribute twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars toward a commanding property there. In addition they would loan without interest an equal sum. Our enterprise bought a residence in the middle of a block and made a pretty *little* place, but are now both poor and discouraged with the weight of the load, and the minister is looking for a chance to get away. If she goes the whole thing is jeopardized and possibly lost.

The right man in this national work could at the very least produce one good well-established church per year after paying all overhead costs. That would soon grow to two and the increase would continue.

I am for doing the things that will produce results. We have been inhibited by a fear. We have been afraid to ask for money. We have been afraid to ask our people to be heroic, and there is nothing on earth that people would rather be.

I have been for the Washington church, because it was the program of the denomination. I am still for it, but I would suggest that it be made an incident in the scheme I have here proposed. The great Episcopal bodies take twenty-five years to build a cathedral. So I would suggest a scheme covering a term of years.

I am grateful for an opportunity to express my convictions to the Trustees of the General Convention.

I shall be loyal to the plans made and developed by the denomination.

* *

FROM A HOME MISSIONARY

FIRST. Scrap the idea that there is no longer need of the Universalist Church. Fundamentalism of the purest ray serene is in the saddle south of Mason and Dixon's, and, save by the almost infinitesimal number of Liberal Christian workers widely separated through the South, is unchallenged. This means not simply irrational theological ideas but a consequent inferior type of civilization.

Second. Get out after a sufficient amount of funds to give adequate support to the missionary fields as at present occupied. In too many instances the workers find that their job is forced to be confined to that of "hanging on"—the sinews are not available for "pushing ahead."

Third. We need a restatement of the creed. In the present-day world it (the present one) is misleading or ambiguous. Furthermore, it is for this age fatally weak in that it does not express an ethical purpose. The Winchester statement at least declared that believers ought "to practise good works." A "final harmony" is a fine thing to dream about, but to work for an actual harmony on earth is infinitely better.

Fourth. A thoroughly worked-out plan for propaganda for a rational and practical religion looking to salutary results in this world. I would suggest syndicating articles for newspapers.

Fifth. Devise and work out a plan for world peace. A "league of nations" or a "world court" is not enough, it is not basic. Absolute disarmament—not limitation of armaments—is fundamental. It is also fair and safe. After that the league, or court, or, perhaps better still, a congress or parliament in which absolutely all peoples shall have a fair representation—and in which mandatories shall not exist.

This will mean ultimately facing specific agencies which are heading the nations of the world toward the next war.

* *

FROM A MINISTER IN A SMALL MIDDLE WEST CITY

IN response to your appeal for suggestions to be considered as part of our program of action in the immediate future I suggest:

1. A rewriting of our statements of faith so as to remove the vagueness thereof. In other words, to have them restated in such fashion as to get under the skin more. As it is the statements are such that any Liberal can indorse them and no Orthodox oppose them. They should be more clear-cut and representative of what Liberals believe.

2. We should not spend so much money for Y. P. C. U. and get so little for it.

3. Rather take that money and add to a department of social service with a paid secretary, as that is the modern expression of Christianity, rather than the silly meetings and dances in which forms Y. P. C. U. now mostly finds expression.

These suggestions amount to little, but I have at least not ignored your letter.

* *

FROM A WESTERN MINISTER

I AM glad that the ministers have been given a chance to express their opinion regarding the policy of the next Convention. I hope that they will take advantage of it, and that we will all do some good hard thinking before the Convention rather than after it.

I do not think that we are nearly so much in need of harmony and loyalty as we are of other things. I notice that all denominational and party machines are shouting for harmony and loyalty. "They would make a solitude and call it peace." One of the very best signs of the times is the lack of harmony in all church conventions, and that so many people are showing a greater loyalty to truth than they are to the interests of the organization. It would seem that what all liberalism needs to-day is an understanding of what its principles mean in terms of the tremendous issues which face our generation. What is the good of Universalism if we can not express it "in a language understanded of the people?"

No denomination will get anywhere planning a harmony that does not center about vital things. We can have a very harmonious and worthless Convention by carefully avoiding the biggest issues of our day.

Is it not the part of wisdom to face the facts squarely, admit our division, and consider what we can do in the face of the facts? Can we not agree to tolerate those of the opposite opinion and at the same time give each division an opportunity to express its interpretation of the vital truths of religion in terms of present day life? In the Baptist, Episcopal, and other Churches both wings have clearly defined territories, that is, there are organizations controlled by the modernists and through which they carry on their campaign to bring the Church to their viewpoint; and there are the societies that are the agencies of the conservatives. Among us, complaint is made that the same element controls all organizations.

From the viewpoint of what is variously called "left wing," "radical" and "progressive" there are four supreme religious issues: (1) abolition of war (and that includes antagonism to the wicked campaign of hooded terrorism and race animosity that is being waged in our own country); (2) the establishment of industrial co-operation; (3) the development of self-control and higher ideals of temperance and health; (4) freedom from priestly terrorism—that implies such a conception of God and of life as shall allow men to think without fear of hell-fire inhibiting their reason.

Our views were expressed in the Worcester Declaration which was framed by the Social Service Fellowship organized by a group of radicals with Dr. Powers as president. At Baltimore in 1919, although denounced as seceders and "a rump convention," we held several sessions of our Fellowship and agreed upon a program. Dr. Powers succeeded in getting the Committee on Official Reports to accept several of our important proposals. Though endorsed by a vote of the Convention those recommendations were afterwards ignored.

It is now planned to hold a Convention in New York—either immediately before or after the one in Providence—at which it is hoped to effect a union of the socially-minded modernists and thorough-going enemies of war of all denominations on the basis of the above four principles. It is proposed to make use of the old denominations wherever practical and without sacrifice of principle, and to establish branches of our fellowship as a sort of community fraternity wherever seven or eight members can be secured. In communities in which old-fashioned Orthodoxy is firmly in control of all churches we hope to make our society a nucleus for a real modern church.

This is not a sporadic emotional outburst, but a part of a world movement which is forcing a new alignment and the break-up of old Churches. By giving such a movement all the aid that we can we have an opportunity to help accomplish the ideal of Universalism.

In view of all this I think it would be wise for the Convention to take steps to carry out the proposals made at Baltimore, which were: (1) that one or more field secretaries should be engaged to devote all of their time to home mission work; (2) that such home mission work should consist of itinerant work among dormant parishes and decaying rural parishes, the building up of compact church organizations in the parishes under their care, inspiriting them with sermons and addresses at least four times a year, helping each society to work out a program for community social service and education; (3) in places where there seemed special need for mission work and where we have no church organization, the forming of some sort of club that can be used as a center of influence and for the distribution of literature.

In order to make a demonstration of the effectiveness of this plan let us confine ourselves for the first two years to New England, where we have a large population that can be easily reached and a large

number of dormant and decaying parishes, to say nothing of immense opportunities for city missions. Then put the undertaking in charge of one who is a believer in it, one who has the confidence of the progressive element. Give him no authority over the churches other than what he can command by the evidences of his apostleship. Do not make this work a quota charge upon all the churches. Let those ministers and churches which believe in it furnish the financial backing. It is then up to them to make good or else forever hereafter to hold their peace. The Y. P. C. U. thus provides for Texas.

Thus something can be given our radicals upon which to work and at the same time link our denomination with a great forward movement in the religious world. This should be made to work co-operatively with the forces of the interdenominational movement of which I spoke before.

In making this proposal I have no personal axe to grind. I would not now consider any other position than the one which I hold. Nor have I anybody in mind who might be put in charge of such work. Much depends upon getting the right kind of field secretary. I feel sure one can be secured.

The Institute of Politics

Frank D. Adams

IN all the world there is nothing like the Williams College Institute of Politics. For originality and bigness of conception, the scope of its work and its cosmopolitan spirit, it is unique among modern intellectual movements.

Williams College has a strong military tradition. Ephraim Williams, its founder, was a colonel in the French and Indian War, and was in command of a line of log forts which he had been engaged to build, extending from Lake George to the Berkshire Hills. About six weeks before he was killed in the battle of Lake George, Williams made a will leaving all his property for the establishment and maintenance of a school; and from that small beginning has grown the splendid and beautiful college of to-day. Just in front of the chancel in the floor of the beautiful Gothic chapel, erected by Mrs. F. F. Thompson in memory of her husband, is a tablet to the memory of Ephraim Williams. Tablets on the walls record the names of more than a hundred later Williams men who died in the military service in the various wars in which our country has been engaged. There is also, on the green in front of the chapel, a monument, erected many years ago, in honor of those who lost their lives in the Civil War.

Yet it is eminently fitting that Williams College should be host to such a gathering as the Institute of Politics, whose fundamental purpose is to seek after and devise means of eliminating the causes that have heretofore made war inevitable. There was a stage in human development when war was the only method of dealing with certain situations. One can frankly recognize that fact, and at the same time perceive that the time is at hand when methods more in keeping with the spirit of our civilization must be employed. Men who ride in airships, if they are wise, do not therefore despise the ancient ox-wagon. They simply do not resort to it any more.

This is the third year of the Institute, and its greatest by far. At this writing the session is six days old, and the enrollment by no means complete; but the number of paid-up members now exceeds last year by about twenty-five per cent. And it is significant that a great many are here for the second and third seasons.

The spirit of this gathering strikes one at once. It is as nearly non-partisan as it is humanly possible for such a thing to be. Every shade of opinion is listened to with respect, and fanaticism is conspicuous by its absence. Every one seems to be honestly searching for the truth. No one is disposed to be dogmatic. Some of the world's greatest authorities are here as lecturers or students, but there is no parading of knowledge, no assumption of infallibility. A socialist sits in a round-table by the side of a rear-admiral, and they exchange views to their mutual satisfaction and profit.

Dr. Harry R. Garfield, president of Williams College, was the moving spirit in this original enterprise. He first conceived the idea in 1913, but the outbreak of the World War prevented its being put into execution at that time. But by 1921 world affairs had become sufficiently settled to make a start possible. Of course it involved the expenditure of a large sum of money. Bernard M. Baruch was prevailed upon to underwrite the expenses of the Institute for a period of three years; but Dr. Garfield was allowed a perfectly free hand in its management and the building of its programs. Mr. Baruch is to be congratulated on having his name associated with such an institution. It stands as a living monument to a great vision, an achievement of which any man might well be proud.

Although the Institute has been running only three years, to be invited here as a lecturer is considered a very high honor. To a statesman or publicist it is a recognition equal to that which comes to a preacher who has been chosen to deliver the Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale. It is a notice to all whom it may concern that the individual has "arrived."

One may not quite like the name at first. The word "politics" has traveled in such bad company that its reputation is somewhat soiled. Yet nothing will rehabilitate it so quickly and restore it to its pristine glory as its use in this title—The Institute of Politics. The term is here employed in its original and best sense. And it is very inclusive. It is made to cover a wide scope of human interests. Eight round-table conferences are being conducted; and it would be hard to think of any fundamental question of human group relationships that is not covered in some degree by one or more of them. Look at the list.

International Aspects of the Russian Question.
International Problems of the Pacific.
Race as a Factor in Politics.
The League of Nations.
The Conduct of Foreign Relations under Modern Democratic Conditions.

The Law of the Air.

Outstanding International Problems of the American Continent.

The Near East: War-Time Diplomacy and Post-War Problems.

Besides these round-tables, all of which call for wide reading and study, and only one of which may be chosen by any member, two open conferences are held on alternate afternoons, one on "The British Commonwealth of Nations and International Problems," the other on "Problems of Raw Materials and Foodstuffs in the Commercial Policies of Nations." And to fill out the day an open lecture is given each evening. A series of six such addresses is being given by each of the following eminent men: Canon Ernest Dimnet, of Paris; Sir Edward Grigg, of London; Count Harry Kessler, of Berlin; and Dr. Stanislas S. Zeballos, of Buenos Aires. And topping all this three special lectures are to be delivered by Viscount Birkenhead, Baron Sergius A. Korff and Sir Paul Vinogradoff.

It is easy to see how any one who is interested in world affairs in these days of much turmoil and confusion is thrilled with the idea of coming to Williamstown just now. This pretty, sleepy old New England village offers an ideal environment for a month of study and recreation. The delightfully cool climate, the pure, bracing air, the never-ending beauty of the Berkshires, and the hospitable provision made by the college authorities for the comfort of their guests, all combine to make a sojourn here an event long to be remembered.

A Sermon at a Great World Capital

Chauncey W. Goodrich

The Rev. Chauncey W. Goodrich, D. D., once Dr. Parkhurst's assistant in New York, later pastor of the Bowdoin College Church, Maine, has been pastor of the American Church in Paris, "the union church in the Rue de Berri," for a period of twelve years, divided into two pastorates. In recognition of his "services to the French people before, during and after the war," he was given the decoration of the Legion of Honor. He was an official representative of the Federal Council of Churches, but he was also "the spiritual ambassador from the United States to the French people," as the Commander of the Legion of Honor called him. It was the good fortune of the Editor to hear Dr. Goodrich at the beginning of his last pastorate in 1917 and at its close last May. The following strong sermon was preached on the Sunday before his farewell. Dr. Goodrich is now at his cottage at Holderness, N. H. The *Leader*, next week, will publish a brief history of the interesting church Dr. Goodrich has served and which has been a church home for Universalists living in Paris.

For David, after he had served his own generation, fell on sleep. Acts 13 : 36.

AFTER he had served his own generation. That is a fine summary of one's duty to the world.

To be sure, many who have never put the matter in just these words have fulfilled the duty, none the less. Simply in day by day doing their best and being their best, they have effectively served their generation, though they have never thought of it in that way. Every faithful, brave, bright, true soul, though quite unconscious of any mission, is a moral asset in its community and its age. And yet it is true with most of us that we are at our best when consciously contributing to a definite end. We are constitutionally purposeful. As Huxley once said, when talking with the discouraged Herbert Spencer of the sum-total of one's life work, "We can at least give a push." In what direction that push shall be is surely a thing to be thought about.

It was natural for the earnest St. Bernard to write on the wall of his cell where his eyes often rested upon it these words: "Wherefore art thou here, Bernard?" Simply to ask and to answer such a question helped him (as it will help us) to overcome the tendency to drift along the line of least resistance, to yield to what Carlyle called "the mightiest force within us—our indolence." Just to know what we are about draws to a focus the energies of our souls.

And passing now beyond the problem of the individual, I should like to ask in the same spirit as St. Bernard regarding the whole Christian body—"Wherefore are we here in this day and generation?" For down the ages each generation of Christians has had its special task, its special ministry, its special conflict.

The Christians of the first century, for example, had little need to teach civilization to the people of the Roman Empire, who understood so well the refinements and luxuries of life. That against which their influence was thrown instinctively and resolutely was the foulness of the times. The dark catalogue in Paul's letters of the sins from the mastery of which his converts had been freed and against which they still must needs be sharply on guard, reveals to us the moral decay in the midst of which many found themselves. The picture of the early Christians in "Quo Vadis" and similar books makes clear something of this. In an environment thus morally tainted the Christian community by its wholesomeness and purity and aspiration exhaled a heavenly fragrance which dominated more and more the earthy odor of the time. They were as sunshine in a foul place. In the very spirit of this age St. James wrote his oft-quoted definition—"Pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

But as we pass on a few centuries we find the task of the Christians of Europe quite other than that I have described. The barbarian flood has rolled in and engulfed everything. It is no longer a question of checking the decay of an overripe civilization. It is a question of taming the rough and brutal energies of the new. Pre-eminently to the Christian Church it fell to soften and educate and enlighten. It was, I think, with this period particularly in mind that Lecky in his "History of European Morals" wrote his oft-quoted sentence: "The simple record of three short years of active life (of Jesus) has done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists."

The ferment of the Christian influence was of course not always as powerful as it should have been. Yet steadily it wrought, and men who went to their baptism rough soldiers with belted sword amid the clangor of rude arms, saw their children and grandchildren living more finely and nobly and laying worthy foundations for the life of these later days.

And to illustrate by just one other generation of Christians, there are the men of the Reformation. For them—or at least for the more inspired and enlightened of them—another task was waiting, the setting right of the perversions, the purifying of the corruptions, of the great historic Church. The whole controversy moved on doctrinal levels. The air was full of theological discussion by voice and pen. To turn the page of such discussions to-day wearies most of us. It all seems remote from the mood and the interest of the Church of the present. But this was the ground upon which it had to be fought out in that age at the cost of comfort and possessions, and life itself sometimes.

And how much do we owe to Christians of that day for their fidelity in that life-and-death struggle of the evangelical faith!

And now in our day, against what influences especially is the alignment of the Church Militant to be made? What should be the present emphasis? Despite much that shames us, compared with the larger part of the generations of the past we are a clean-living people. The special task of the Christians of the first century is not ours.

Despite the outcropping still of some barbarian traits, we stand in civilization and intelligence at the forefront of the ages. The task of the Dark Ages is not ours.

The things also fought for in the Reformation, such as liberty of conscience and the open Bible, are won.

Are there in our day still tendencies so manifestly to be opposed by people of Christian faith as to summon them into a great unity of feeling and purpose? There certainly are. And though, as I name some of them, they may seem an old story, yet I am sure that it is worth while to emphasize once more the Christian aspect of the problem they present.

Thus, for one thing, it is ours as Christians (and especially as American Christians) to stand for the spiritual against the material. For fifty years science has been revealing to us so fascinatingly the meaning of physical phenomena that the scale of values for many people has become inverted, with the result that, whether they realize it or not, they put things first and personality last. Happily the thought of the day tends to seeing right again. William James, who wrote twenty years ago "Souls are out of fashion," would to-day write "Souls are coming into fashion." And it is the office of the Christian to help as he can toward this setting of things right by his own intense conviction. The greatest thing in God's world is the spirit in man. There is nothing greater than personality. Let us enthrone the spiritual.

But another materializing influence especially potent springs from this, that by the very wealth of possessions ours tends to become the age of things—particularly of big things which impress and astonish. The temptation of the Rich Fool of the parable is constantly upon us as a people to "lay up treasure for ourselves" and not "grow rich toward God," to make our civilization, in a word, big in body and small in soul.

The prizes of life are apt to be the things that make a show, that create an impression, rather than realities like these—the value of a good name, the joy and sanctity of home, the delight of friendship, the mastery of some field of knowledge, distinction in the high ministry of art or letters, ability to serve one's fellow men.

The work of life is apt to be rated in terms of scope and size and variety, instead of by that quality which wins God's "well done." In a generation so influenced by material ideas, what institutions shall stand as the sure bulwark of the spiritual, if it be not the Church? Here should be the true household of faith—that faith which discerns at its supreme value the unseen and eternal in life. Here should be the real republic of the Spirit, where the accidents of outward circumstances seem trivial and the essentials of character the commanding concern. Here all the spiritual relationships of common life should be discerned in their real preciousness.

I was reading a while ago an interesting human document—the quiet recital by a Christian man of the considerations which had restrained him from suicide. Long and wearing illness had exhausted him. Physical comfort there was none, nor could there ever be, and the material world, with all its interests, all its beauty, beckoned only to mock. The way out of it all seemed so quick and easy and full of longed-for relief. But as the temptation assailed him, there grew upon him more and more clearly an appreciation of the unseen things, even in present life, that he would be casting away. He saw himself by his selfish act (to use his own words) "tearing himself loose from the fabric of mutual love and confidence which bound him to those about him, leaving the pattern forever marred." Those things of the spirit, trust, loyalty, sympathy, confidence, love, which bind us heart to heart—those things by which we really live—were revealed to him as so precious that to keep them he would pay the price of any suffering. Yes, it is true—"Love, hope, fear, faith, —these make humanity. These are its sign and note and character."

With distinct purpose I have emphasized the unseen things that are near at hand. Sometimes we have overworked the idea of the Church as a heaven-pointing institution. We have stressed too much that of which the spire and the aspiring Gothic arch are symbols, until men who with all their hearts admire courage and loyalty and honesty and self-giving do not think of such things in connection with the Church and with church people. People of the Church, they think, are rather the unworldly folk of the lifted eyes and folded hands. But it was of unseen things near and close that Jesus spoke. And these things it is that the Church should stand for—these things and all similar qualities of character which make us even now at home amid eternal verities.

Different churches may be differently occupied according to their situation. One may be institutional.

Another may emphasize its educational function. Another may be strongly evangelistic in its method. But at heart all should be alike in this, that as one enters their portals and fellowships with the believers there gathered, the things of the spirit shall assert in his heart their eternal worth and imperial authority—and that as he goes forth again from such Christian associations to find himself amid all the fascinating, alluring things that are ready to be his gods, he shall say with new intensity: "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Or what is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

There is time to do little more than name another ministry to our generation which is clearly ours. As Christians we are to stand, not only for the spiritual against the material, but also for the ideal over against the actual, for the thing that ought to be against the thing that is.

What splendid examples of this practical idealism of Christians have shone radiantly out down the centuries! The cynic world stood around and said: "Whatever is is right." "Useless to try to make it better." "It can't be done." And then a Christian man by the grace of God up and did it.

Remember our own General Armstrong. It was when he had built Hampton Institute practically out of nothing and set at work those influences which shaped the character and ideals of that prophet of the negro race, Booker Washington, and set his feet in the path of his great achievement, that he summed up his experience in words which can not be forgotten:

"Doing what can't be done is the joy of living." "What are Christians for; but to do the impossible in the strength of God?"

Amid much that is visionless and slack in the Christian Church it is an encouragement to find in some directions a new intensity of purpose to make the ideal real. I take up a volume issued within the year. It is published with the authorization of an organization uniting twenty-five million of our American fellow-Christians. There is not a trace of fanaticism in it. It is practical, sensible, vital. And its title is "The Christian Crusade for a Warless World." That this ideal should be held forth as practicable so resolutely and insistently that in this authorized little volume it should be presented to Christian people through the length and breadth of our land, is a heartening sign that the Church to-day has still a desire greatly to serve its generation.

That—"a warless world"—is put before the Church as being soon or late a realizable ideal. Ten years ago that book could not have been written and approved as it has been. But the Christian influence goes even deeper than this. It not only holds up an ideal as desirable, it creates the desire for it. It sways the dispositions of the heart. For Christian men everywhere to say of an ideal, "Yes, that ought to be," is not enough. There is needed also a passion for realization. There is need in men generally of a change of heart, a change of disposition toward one another, a change in the dominant desires. From every quarter we hear the same thing—"If we are to have a better world we must have a different mind."

Men must look less for the motes in their brothers' eyes and more for the beams in their own eyes. They must think less of hostile rivalry and more of friendly co-operation. They must insist less on their divisive rights and more on their common interests. There must, in a word, be a profound change in feeling and purpose. The pessimist tells us that there can be no such transformation of character in men, that there is no such improvableness in human nature. The Christian says there is.

"Ye must be born anew," said Jesus. And millions of Christian men since, by the transformation of their nature and disposition and outlook, have showed us what he meant. Jesus has proved the great maker-over of men. This was the sort of power that St. Paul discovered in Christianity. His confident optimism has thus been described: "He stands before the desert places in human life, the mere cinder heaps, the men and women with burnt-out enthusiasms and affections, and he boldly proclaims their possible enrichment. He stands before sin and proclaims that sin can be destroyed. He stands before the broken and perverted relationships of men and prolaims that they can all be rectified. And all this in the strength of the unsearchable riches of Christ."

That is Christian faith at its most vital. That is the Christian faith that men of our day profoundly need. That is the Christian faith that should be ours, if we would most completely serve our generation. Still wherever you find a Christian you should find one who, through that faith, has become a man of undimmed vision and unconquerable optimism. One who says from his heart, "I believe in God the Father Almighty and in Jesus Christ His only Son," who with the inner eye beholds the vision of the seer who saw—"Heaven opened and behold a white horse and he that sat upon him was called faithful and true. His eyes were as a flaming fire and on his head were many crowns. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

Communications

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Rev. Ernest M. W. Smith advocates "the complete disarmament of the pacifist," but says that "the complete preparedness of the so-called militarist," who is not really a militarist, in his opinion, is preferable to limitation of armaments.

As far back as we have any record nations have had arms of one kind or another. Now they come together at Washington and agree that this race for supremacy in armaments shall come to an end. Does Mr. Smith think that he advances the cause of world peace by distrusting the motives of all taking part in that conference? Admit that it is only a gesture, do not gestures count for anything as things are to-day? Fights begin and oftentimes end with gestures.

How does Mr. Smith know that France will not give up the submarine and other nations will

not give up aircraft and chemical warfare? Why not encourage even short steps in the right direction? Why spend our energy in demanding whole loaves or none?

New Yorker.

* *

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I would like to suggest to the Rev. Ernest J. Bowden that the Shirley poppy he refers to in the *Leader* of July 28 is not evidence for the kind of evolution to which Wm. J. Bryan objects, and which is being legislated against. Mr. William Wilks took a wild poppy and developed a new variety of poppy. He did not create a new species of plant life. Way back in 1866 the Duke of Argyll raised this same objection to the claims of Darwin and his followers. In his "Reign of Law" he said that "the principle of natural selection has no bearing whatever on the origin of species, but only on the preservation and distribution of species when they have arisen."

So far as we know anything about it the possibilities of the Shirley poppy were wrapped up in the first poppy seed ever created. Mr. Wilks developed latent possibilities. The Shirley poppy is an illustration of growth from within outward, and that is what it suggests as to man's evolution. Science has no positive facts to disprove that man was a separate creation with all the affections, aspirations and intellectual gifts, so far manifested, latent in the first germ, and ready to develop under right conditions.

The descent of man by a slow process of evolution of other animals is a piece of scientific imagination. The statement of Genesis is a piece of poetic imagination. Any attempt to state what happened at creation is guesswork whether attempted by a learned scientist or a humble layman or a fervent religionist. The one great fact about creation of species which science has established is that man is in a class by himself. Up to the appearance of man the mental development in the various intellectual animals is not more rapid than that of their organic modifications. In man the intellectual parts develop with extraordinary rapidity while the bodily organism remains essentially unchanged. That is what science knows, the rest is guesswork. As Professor Shaler said in his "Interpretations of Nature," the naturalist must confess that there is nothing in the history of life up to man in any way calculated to explain the ease with which the mental powers advance while the bodily parts undergo no attendant change.

If Mr. Bryan was making his fight against evolution on the ground that science had not proved its statement in regard to the origin of man, rather than on the grounds that the scientific hypothesis was contrary to the Book of Genesis, he would have a much larger following.

Byron A. Mead.

Winthrop, Maine.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XXXVI A Classical Valedictory

Agricola

"Happy he on the weary sea,
Who hath fled the tempest and won the haven.
. . . . . .
But whoe'er can know,
As the long days go,
That to live is happy, hath found his Heaven."

OUT of the purple mists of Athens' prime come these perfumed words from the swan-song of Euripides, the Bacchanals. In the translation by Gilbert Murray we catch the very essence of the classic Greek drama. Classic in form, it is infused with the spirit of democracy, and saturated with sadness. And as for its characters, "What men or gods are these?"

A weary sea. How expressive the phrase! One embarks on the sea of life not knowing either his direction or his goal. Sails glitter in the morning light. At midday the waves are rolling against the vessel's side. Clouds gather, peals of thunder strike fear to the heart of the voyager. Man sails the wide sea with only the tangled Pleiades to light his path. Happy the soul that issues safe and glides into the harbor as sunset reddens the golden west.

The Bacchae is a chapter out of the Greek soul, a leaf torn from the bloody pages of life in those far-away ancient days. We can hear the heart-breaks and feel the bitter anguish as we read the tear-stained lines.

How sad even to those all-knowing Greeks of twenty-three centuries ago was human life. The sea that washed their shores was a picture that mirrored the storm and struggle that was man's. It was the part of wisdom to flee the tempest. Man can not question the decrees of the gods or contend with fate. Over and over again we catch this immortal refrain from Greek tragedy, in the Prometheus of Aeschylus and in the Antigone of Sophocles, as well as in the dramas of Euripides, that innovator who first depicted actual life. Flee the tempest, desert the weary sea of life, hasten into the haven.

This is not despair, but resignation. The dramatist is far too wise and experienced to indulge in mere mournful pessimism. He has learned to adapt himself to the unbending facts of life without hate or bitterness. It is at once a philosophic conclusion and a religious creed. It was the classic mind at work in a universe of facts, without the Christian hope or modern science to teach the reign of law. But its conclusion was parallel with much thinking of to-day if we substitute fate for law, submission to the will of the gods for the modern phrase of Margaret Fuller and John Burroughs, "accepting the universe."

"But whoe'er can know,
As the long days go,
That *to live is happy*, hath found his Heaven."

To the sophisticated Greek Heaven was the learning of a practical lesson, how to make the most of life in a complicated world surrounded by impassable barriers.

The Bacchae was the song of an old and broken man, disillusioned and in exile. He never saw it on the stage. But the charm and sadness of his deathless valedictory are still poignant. We listen and catch the dying words of a seer who has lived long and felt deeply, the very heart-throbs of a noble spirit. In the Bacchae we have a poetic summary of the Greek view of life.

It is the sunset reverie of a soul.

* * *

"GET LEAVE TO WORK"

Get leave to work
In this world—'tis the best you get at all;
For God in cursing gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction. God says, "Sweat
For foreheads." Men say, "Crowns." And so we're crowned—
Aye, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel,
Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work, get work!
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.

Browning.

* * *

THE RELIGION OF JOHN D. LONG

Harold H. Niles

SOME time ago, I heard of the very commendable intention of the Rev. Henry R. Rose, D. D., of Newark, New Jersey, to publish a collection of Universalist quotations. I have been reading "America of Yesterday," which is the Journal of the life of John Davis Long, a Governor of Massachusetts and a Secretary of the American Navy. In that very interesting and enlightening book I found two entries which interest me very much. They will be good material for Dr. Rose when he writes his book.

On Sunday afternoon, Feb. 13, 1848, John D. Long, a boy nine years of age, wrote in his journal this entry: "I have been to church, Mr. Foster, universalist preaches."

A few years later he makes note of "a vein of religious feeling opening in his bosom." He writes: "I believe in an enlightened, liberal religion—in loving God and His requirements, not from policy but for goodness' sake; in practising the rules of Christ in our daily intercourse with men, in bringing them into practical life. I can not believe that, as the Orthodox say, some of the human family are to be eternally damned. Such an idea shocks me. It is not consonant with my idea of God as our Father, the God who loves us. I believe that God is above the frail passions of men, that His vengeance is not like our vengeance. . . . God, who does nothing in vain, framed us for some definite purpose, and if He, at death, puts those who have been unfortunate enough to have been wicked, sinful men, in eternal torment in hell, then He is putting them out of all opportunity of accomplishing that end or purpose for which I believe we are all created, and thus defeating His own plans, His own designs—which is to me absurd. I believe we are in a state of progress; that in the next world we shall go on from that point to which we have arrived in this. And as true happiness consists in true holiness, the more we study to live Christian lives on this earth, the more we shall enjoy this life and be farther on our way to eternal and perfect happiness on our entrance into the next."

That was the religion of John Davis Long, a great American citizen, who, one summer day while he was Governor of Massachusetts, wrote, "I suppose people think I think of politics. Ah, how far away in other dreams I float."

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Gander

ONCE upon a time there was a Gander. And he was Highly Admired by himself and a Large Flock of Geese. And the Admiration went unto his Head.

Now there was a day when he and the Geese determined to cross the Road. And there came an Automobile, and bore down upon them. And the Geese did every one of them Spread her Wings, and paddle her Legs, and hurry across the Road. And while they did not do it Gracefully, they did it Expeditiously. And that is if anything Better.

But the Gander thought it an undignified thing in him to do as the Geese did. And that is the foolish idea of such like Animals. And he held his Head High, and he trotted toward the other side of the Road with Dignity. And he hissed defiance at the Automobile.

And after the Automobile had pulled up, and the owner of the Car had settled with the Farmer for the Gander, and the Farmer had picked the Gander up and taken him home to Stew, the Owner of the Car said unto himself, If that Fool Gander had held his head less high, and had put the energy of his hissing into the manipulation of his Legs, it might have fared better with him, and cost me Five Dollars less.

For that Gander was proud of his Head, which had in it not enough Brains to have saved him, whereas he had in his Legs that which might much more properly have given him Pride.

Now I considered this matter, and I thought how many are the men who are like unto that Gander. And they hold their heads high until Destruction cometh upon them, whereas a little more of Humility, and a little more of Energy and a little more of Modesty would serve them better in the day of their Calamity.

Wherefore, beloved, be not too high and mighty, but condescend to an honest consideration of the Limitations of thine Own Powers. For all thy Hissing will not stop the Big Red Automobile that is known as the Course-of-Things, nor will it matter how high thou holdest thy head. But devote thine energy to getting across the Road, and when the Danger is past, then mayest thou hold thine head as high as thou wilt; and if it doeth thee any good to think that thou hast frightened the Automobile, that, too, is thy privilege.

* * *

THE MODERN MESSAGE OF THE GREAT APOSTLE*

For many Dr. Peabody has been the means of bringing home the significance of the teachings of Jesus in the world of the present. In his new book he enters a less crowded field. There are thousands of books about Paul, but none of them has been written from Dr. Peabody's point of view. Paul seems to us an

*"The Apostle Paul and the Modern Mind," by Francis G. Peabody.

outworn theologian, or a complicated problem, or something else very distant from all our concerns.

In "The Apostle Paul and the Modern World," Dr. Peabody is not indifferent to the problem which Paul presents to the student. Was he the perverter or was he the developer of the doctrines of Jesus? Not a few modern critics believe that the former was the case, and many of the liberal faith, rebelling at the harsh theology of the apostle, are inclined to agree. Quite clearly Dr. Peabody can sympathize with this point of view. One is almost willing to conjecture that he himself held it at one time. Now, however, he has outgrown it, and is able to pierce the discouraging veils of theology. He has seen the real Paul and he tries to show him to his readers.

First the man and his life are to be described and his epistles are to be commented upon. Those who are unfamiliar with the story of Paul will be fascinated by Dr. Peabody's account, and will be almost sure to turn to the original version in the Book of Acts. The better informed, however, will not want to omit these chapters, for they will find in them helpful explanations, original suggestions, and a wealth of revealing comment. The chapter on the epistles, with its statement of backgrounds, is a considerable aid to their understanding.

Then comes the analysis of Paul's teachings, with our attention first called to his theology. Natural inclination and training led Paul to incorporate in his thought elements of the common thought of his day. This transient portion of his theology, although often transcended, is conspicuous in all his epistles, and makes studious discrimination necessary if the eternal truths are to be found. Much of Paul's theology must be inevitably discarded in our day, if we are to discover anything of value.

The best method of approach, according to Dr. Peabody, is to trace the growth of Paul's thought. "His theology is a thrilling interlude of daring adventure, between the repentance from which he arises and the exhortations with which he concludes. It is not surprising that Paul's lofty reasoning should have arrested the gaze of the world, as one eagerly watches the evolutions of an airman; but the incidents of his experience which are the best evidence of courage and self-control are to be found, first, at his point of departure, and then in his capacity to land; in the confession from which he ascends and in the duty to which he returns." Even in his theology Paul is acutely interested in ethics, and it is the latter that gives rise to the former.

Having found something of value for us in Paul's theology, namely, its origin in experience and its expression in practical deeds, Dr. Peabody has little difficulty in discovering truths for all times in Paul's religion. Carefully picking his path among the various Pauline dogmas, he asserts that it is Paul's infusion with the spirit of Jesus that makes him important for our day. Paul's vision of the Church as the body of Christ is a revelation of the one way to Christian unity, which, according to Dr. Peabody, "is to be attained not by prescription of conformity, but by increase of consecration."

An even greater joy and an even richer store of truths lie for Dr. Peabody in the contemplation of Paul's ethics. He says: "When one turns from the complexity of Paul's theology and the mysticism of his religion and approaches his ethical teaching, it is as if one were emerging from a tangled and bewildering forest into a sunny clearing on a well-marked road." Every reader of Paul's letters has noted how he descends from "lofty and dubious" speculations to "homely and prosaic maxims." It is when he does this that he shows more clearly his keen mind and frees himself most completely from confusing technicalities. He is still a Jew and he is still the product of Hebrew and Greek influences, but in his ethics his eclecticism is most successful. To our generation it is Paul the ethical teacher that speaks most imperatively. Like Jesus he has found the answer to the paradox of morality—"How may one be at once brave and humble, self-confident and self-effacing?" That answer is "self-discovery through self-surrender, gain through loss, freedom through dependence."

Thus, by deliberate steps, Dr. Peabody has brought forth his answer to the question raised in the first chapter. All of Paul's distortions of Jesus' teachings, all his compromises with contemporary influences, all his theological dogmas, are atoned for by his spirit. It is this that makes him a true follower of Jesus and a valuable guide for us.

The charm of Dr. Peabody's style, the skill with which he portrays the character of Paul, his deft separation of the grain from the chaff, combine to make the value and pleasure which one derives from reading this book. Of the many works in this field it stands pre-eminent as the one which students, amateur and professional alike, of the Bible will wish to own.

G. H.

* * *

DO THEY PAY?

Facing the criticism that the denominational papers of the Methodist Church lose thousands of dollars each year, Bishop Robert E. Jones remarks that they are not published to make money. "The dollar mark across an editoral page would be a crime. We should make the religious press pay, if we can. It must exist whether it pays in dollars and cents or not; one half million dollars would be a big price for the sustenance of our *Advocates*, but it would be worth it."

The Bishop was once an editor, and he asks about other phases of the Church's work. Do they pay? Preachers, missions, schools, Bibles,—is there any money dividend for these? None, he says. But do they pay? "They pay the biggest sort of dividend: dividends so large and valuable that they can not be reckoned in dollars and cents." What are these dividends? He does not go into detail. Let us do so. A church paper, for instance, carries the news of the fellowship and work of the communion like a stream of life-blood. It is the one persistent, regular, and fresh giver of religious life. No other means has been devised to compare with a church paper to bind people into a sense of their communion one with another. Next to the Bible itself it is the greatest printed word in the world, because it is in fact each week a new chapter, the living record of what the godly are living and doing in our generation.

We have said before that the vigor and power of the churches comes from the people who are readers of their church papers. They impart spiritual vitality to others, because through the printed page vitality is first imparted to them. It is true that the dividends are intangible rather than material; but are they not also producers of such power as enables youth, men, and women to render service for which they receive their economic reward?—*Christian Register.*

* * *

VANITY IN LIFE AND DEATH

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* recently referred to the fact that the late Stuyvesant Fish of New York, who bequeathed about $3,000,000 to his three children, with nothing to others or to charity, had a strange codicil to his will, done in his own hand, which read: "Having observed and always believed that charitable bequests afford the testator a means of gratifying his vanity at the expense of his heirs, I make none." Our contemporary very truly remarks that this depends altogether on one's attitude toward the world's need, and that if one, during life, has been accustomed to minister to that need, such ministration after his death is gracious and appropriate. If benevolent and charitable bequests are an indication of vanity, what shall we say of the vanity of a man whose whole effort is directed toward hoarding his estate for those of his own blood? That codicil would seem to us to have itself achieved an unsurpassable stroke of vanity.

Have heirs, it may be asked, any such pre-emptive legal or moral right as this codicil suggests? The late Cecil Rhodes did not think so. He is reported to have said that he would give his children the best education obtainable, and then turn them out into the world without a sixpence—a policy that he based not on conflicting charitable claims, but on a sheer faith in its common sense method of building up character, and self-reliant achievement. —*The Congregationalist.*

Home and Children

REST AND WORK

Where is rest? In what isles of the summer-clad seas?
In what garden of balm? 'Neath what sleep drooping trees?
By what still-flowing waters, what lily-fringed streams?
In what meadows of silence, what valley of dreams?
'Neath what thunderless skies, by what hillsides of sleep?
On what moon-lighted mountain or star-lighted deep?
Yes, where on the earth's or the ocean's wide breast
Is the home of release and the harbor of rest?

Why, here in the corn field—and take up your hoe!
Right here in this mill—make the paddle wheel go!
Right here with your engine—up steam and away!
Right here with your sewing machine every day.
Where there's work there is rest, and it's nowhere beside,
Though you travel all lands, and you sail every tide.
Where is rest? Go to work, and your spirit renew,
For no man can rest who has nothing to do.

Sam Walter Foss.

* * *

STRAWBERRIES AND STAMPS

WHEN Mary Ann Benson and her sisters were little girls entertainments were few and far between. So there was much excitement in the household when Mary Ann came running in one hot June day crying as she came, "Strawberry festival! Strawberry festival!"

"Oh, where?" called a shrill little voice from upstairs. That was Mary Ann's younger sister, Sally.

"Oh, when?" shouted a gay voice from the kitchen. That was her older sister, Esther.

"Can we go?" a third little voice piped from the end of the hall. That was Emmy, the youngest sister of all, who was sitting on the back stairs for punishment because she had run away.

Then mother came calmly out of the sitting room to see what all the hubbub was about. They all gathered round Mary Ann—even fat little Emmy, for her time was just up.

"It's to be next Thursday evening at Judge Walter's," Mary Ann said. "It's for the new church organ, and there'll be strawberries and cream, and it will cost twenty-five cents to get in, and—" Mary Ann stopped for breath. "And—and—we may go, mayn't we, mother?"

Mother looked at the old clock in the corner that told the day of the month as well as the day of the week. June 10, 1864, the old clock said it was; that meant that the following Thursday would fall on June 16.

Then mother looked at her four little daughters, who gazed back at her anxiously and hopefully. Twenty-five cents apiece; that would be a dollar, and money was scarce in those war days. But—"We'll see, we'll see," mother said.

Esther and Sally and Mary Ann understood why she could not be certain. They knew how scarce money was. In fact in those war times there was hardly any real money to be seen anyway. People had to use paper money instead of coins; they were even using postage stamps.

The postage stamps were hard to handle. There was a kind of soft mucilage on the back of them that made them stick to everything even before they had been moistened.

"The festival is for a very good cause," mother said. "I will write to your father; perhaps he will send some money before Thursday."

Oh, how the little girls hoped that he would!

The letter to father went that day, which was Friday; it would be possible to have an answer the following Monday.

When Monday came Esther hurried to the post office, but there was no letter. Tuesday was Sally's day to go; she had no better luck. The little girls were disappointed.

When Mary Ann went for the mail on Wednesday her heart was beating fast. It would be dreadful if there were no letter to-day! Emmy ran ahead with her feet twinkling in their little black slippers.

Mary Ann entered the office and walked slowly to the window. "Please, is there any mail?" she asked in a weak voice.

But Emmy was already peering on tiptoe over the edge of the little window. "Mr. Postmaster," she said bravely, "there must be a letter from our father this morning, because we want so much to go to the strawberry festival to-morrow."

But though the postmaster obligingly searched the pigeonholes there was no letter for the Benson family. The girls went home almost ready to cry.

Thursday was bright and beautiful. "If a letter doesn't come to-day!" the little Benson girls said as they all went to the post office together.

But that day it did come. It had been delayed in some way, but there it was at last. The four little girls were always glad to hear from father, who had to work so far away, but now they were gladder than ever to see the familiar handwriting. They went flying home.

When mother opened the letter a package of stamps dropped out of the folded sheet, and the little girls drew a long breath of relief.

"We can go to the strawberry festival," they said.

So it was all settled just in time. By four o'clock the little girls were all ready to start. Emmy was dressed in yellow muslin, Sally in white dimity sprigged with pink flowers, Mary Ann in blue lawn with buff bands and Esther in green muslin. They wore white stockings and shiny black slippers, and their large bonnets were tied under their chins with broad silk strings. Long before the girls reached Judge Walter's house they could see the twinkling lanterns in the yard and hear the music.

"Can we eat all the strawberries we want?" Emmy asked loudly.

"S-sh!" said Esther. "If we don't want too many! Here we are, girls."

Just outside the gate Miss Annie Drake, the church organist, sat before a little table and took in the money. The girls noticed that a good many persons besides themselves had brought stamps to pay their way in. The night was very warm, and the stamps stuck to everything; it took Miss Annie a long time to count them. The four sisters stood in line and waited for their turn.

After a while little Emmy whispered to Mary Ann that she was tired standing up so long.

Mary Ann glanced round. There was a vacant chair a few feet away. "Sit down in that chair, Emmy," she whispered back. "Ten people are ahead of us still."

Emmy wriggled out of line and went over to the friendly chair; she brushed the chair off and then took her seat with a loud sigh.

At last it was the Benson girls' turn. Esther handed in her stamps and passed through the gate; Sally followed.

"Come, Emmy," called Mary Ann, and Emmy hopped down from her seat and skipped into line.

"Where are your stamps?" Mary Ann asked.

Emmy held out her hands with a bewildered look. "Why, I don't know," she faltered.

"O Emmy, did you lose them?" said Mary Ann with a sinking heart.

Emmy's chin quivered. She could not remember what had happened to the stamps. Mary Ann glanced hurriedly around, but it was dusk now, and she could not see well. Miss Annie was waiting; on the other side of the gate Esther and Sally were looking back in surprise.

Emmy gave a little sob. "I can not go to the strawberry festival," she said.

"O dear me!" thought Mary Ann. "Whatever shall we do?" In the dim light she could see great tears rolling down Emmy's chubby cheeks. Suddenly she laid her sheet of stamps in front of Miss Annie and then, stepping back, gave her little sister a gentle shove.

"Go on in, Emmy," she said.

Before Emmy knew what had happened she was through the gate.

Poor Mary Ann! She had wanted so much to go to the strawberry festival. But so had Emmy—dreadfully. She watched Emmy go slowly forward; the light of a Japanese lantern shone full on the little girl and turned her yellow dress to gold color. All at once Mary Ann gave a little cry. She ran to the fence.

"Emmy, come here!" she called.

Little Emmy turned and came back slowly; she was afraid Mary Ann had changed her mind. But when she reached the fence all that Mary Ann said was, "Turn round."

Wondering, Emmy turned, and as she did so Mary Ann drew a long breath of relief. For stuck firmly to the back of the little yellow muslin dress was a row of sticky postage stamps.

"Hold still for half a minute," Mary Ann said in a joyful voice. "Oh, Emmy dear, you sat on your stamps, and I've found them, and they are peeling off, and now I can go to the strawberry festival. I can go after all!"—*Eleanor Fairchild Pease, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

WORK

Work is given to men not only, nor so much, perhaps, because the world needs it. Men make work, but work makes men. An office is not a place for making money, it is a place for making men. A workshop is not a place for making machinery, for fitting engines and turning cylinders; it is a place for making souls; for fitting in the virtues to one's life; for turning out honest, modest, whole-natured men. . . . For Providence cares less for winning causes than that men, whether losing or winning, should be great and true; cares nothing that reforms should drag their cause from year to year bewilderingly, but that men and nations, in carrying them out, should find there education, discipline, unselfishness and growth in grace.—*Henry Drummond.*

* * *

RAINY DAYS

I love the attic play room.
With banner, cap and train,
We march in gay procession,
While tappa-ty! drums the rain.
Oh, the jolly noise of tramping,
The laughter and the stamping,
The cosy game of camping!
While tappa-ty!
Tappa-ty!
Tappa-ty! drums the rain.

I love the quiet bedtime,
With storybooks again.
There are fairies in the pictures,
And tippy-toe! runs the rain.
Wee Willie Winkie's peeping,
The firelight is leaping,
And fairies all are sleeping,
And tippy-toe!
Tippy-toe!
Tippy-toe! runs the rain.

Melcena Burns Denny, in Youth's Companion

* * *

THE GIANT'S STRENGTH

This bulwark for mankind against the unfiltered flow of rapid improvisations "on complicated, controversial, highly technical subjects," was sapped by the invention of shorthand and its destruction has been completed by the typewriter. Nothing now stands between the defenseless reader and the current tongue of some fluent person who lets fly from a kind of ambush. For the reader, suspecting no harm, naturally assumes that surely the author of the printed matter which he consumes must sometimes have stopped to think while he was attempting to supply his customers with truth and wisdom. Printed stuff which was not worth printing is one of the modern menaces to civilization. Every year the number of novels, memoirs, and articles which read, to the expert eye, as if some loquacious person had dictated them "in a low, even voice, without a break, and never hesitating for a fact or a word," grows greater, and the attempt to keep up with some part of them wastes more of the time, eyesight, and intelligence of readers unable to see the worthlessness of the sand with which they are silting up their minds. If you listen carefully you can almost hear, as Bright almost heard the beating of Death's wings, the immense low hum of all the dictators' voices steadily pouring forth their half-thought-out and wholly positive conclusions, their messy reminiscences of the psychology of Freud, their "fearless and unflinching" abstentions from reticence about something ugly and dull, and so on. Fifty years ago they would have had at any rate to write it all out, painfully, at a maximum pace of about a thousand words to the hour. Now their destructive power has increased like that of modern artillery; it is as if locusts had developed larger jaws and more roomy stomachs. And just as the nations seem to have got worse tempers at the same time that they have got trinitroluene and ammonal and Yellow Cross gas wherewith to express them, so the writers of skimble-skamble stuff seem to feel less diffidence or shame than ever in the use of their terrible new powers of production. Everywhere the same phenomenon, of men becoming more and more able to kill, wound, disable, or bore one another than ever before, and not learning, while they are given a giant's strength, that it is well not to use it like a giant.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Aug. 12-19. Y. P. C. U. Institute, Ferry Beach, Maine.

Aug. 28-Sept. 3. S. S. and Y. P. C. U. Institute, Murray Grove, N. J.

* *

A REAL SCHOOL

More than any other of the summer Institutes conducted by our Church, that at Chattanooga is conducted as a school. Each year some of the regular teacher-training courses are taught, with examinations given on the last day, so that at least one student, who has attended the Institute for several summer sessions of ten days each, has completed a full year of the standard teacher training course.

These are not the only studies taught. Each year there is a course dealing with the technic of Y. P. C. U. work, and since the Women's National Missionary Association began sending a member of the faculty, one of the regular mission study courses has been given each year.

It is real work to attend such an Institute. It was no unusual thing for some of the students to be up at six o'clock in the morning studying. And the benefit derived is in exact proportion to the investment of thought and effort.

A Paying Investment

When young people work as these did, not only do they secure large dividends on their investment, but the churches that make it possible for them to attend are making an investment that will yield generous returns to the Church itself. If I mistake not, the men's club of the Atlanta church was responsible at least in part for sending two young people to the Institute. A church that does that is insuring its own life. It will have trained leaders for its work ready to take the places of the older ones who drop out.

Play Time

But the Institute is not "all work and no play." Excursions to points of historic and scenic interest are a part of the program. No city in the country offers such a combination as does Chattanooga. Parts of the city itself are built on battlefields of sixty years ago. On one of the bronze tablets on Orchard Knob, a few blocks from the Shinn Memorial Church, is the name of one of the Sunday school teachers of my Chicago boyhood days, Captain Lyman A. White, who, as a young lieutenant of artillery, commanded the battery that protected General Grant's headquarters during the assault on Mission Ridge.

Just beyond the city limits, to the east, is the Ridge, whose narrow crest is lined with monuments and tablets telling of the battle. Our Sunday evening service was held there at one of the hospitable homes of the parish. From Dr. Gurney's back lawn one can look across on a clear day to the Great Smoky Mountains of Georgia and South Carolina. There was a severe thunder storm to the east, and while we ate our picnic supper we watched brilliant flashes of lightning, too distant for the thunder to be heard. From the front of the house one can look westward across the city and its suburbs to Lookout Mountain, which dominates the region somewhat as Pike's Peak does that about Colorado Springs.

These picnic suppers are a feature of the Institute. Until examination-time draws near they are held each evening: one at Sunset Rock on Lookout Mountain, not far from the scene of "the battle above the clouds;" another on the summit of Cameron Hill, near the center of the city and overlooking it and the river; another at the hospitable summer camp of the Gay family, next door to the old swimmin' hole; and the last on Signal Rock, the point of Signal Mountain.

Inspiration

These excursions are picnics with a purpose. Beside the good times, the class in Y. P. C. U. methods, known as "The Dixieville Union," held its business meetings at several of these places, and those on the heights closed with sunset services that were an inspiration. While the world grew dark we sat or stood above the world and watched "the forget-me-nots of the angels" blossom in the world above, and the brighter stars, because nearer, of man's industry and home life shone out in the world below.

* *

ON THE WAY

An extra day between the Muncie Convention and the Chattanooga Institute afforded time for a visit in the hospitable home of Arthur Nash, and a visit to the Golden Rule factory, which has moved to larger quarters since my last visit; but these are already too small, and extensive alterations are under way which will greatly increase the floor space.

So the practicality of the Golden Rule continues to vindicate itself.

After my work at the Institute was over I came over into Mississippi for a Sunday at Liberty Church, near Louisville, where we had two services with "dinner on the grounds" which those who have had the delightful experience of abundant good food and good fellowship can easily picture, and others can only envy afar off.

The three churches in Mississippi need a resident minister, and steps will be taken at the State Convention, which will be held before these lines are printed, to bring this about. This is another circuit, which, like others recently mentioned, should have a little outside aid, and if it had could be made self-sustaining in a few years.

Now I am on my way once more to the State Convention in the Lone Star State.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Somewhere in Louisiana, July 30.

For the Quiet Hour

No one can touch the Christian religion even on the surface, without being impressed with its persistent call to the heroic. "Easy religion" makes little appeal to manly men and womanly women. Back of all sacrifice is love—love of principle, or country, or friend, or love of God. The call of Christ, like the Macedonian summons, is still danger-fraught and full of pain and death. That is, it is full of danger and death to personal interests and worldly glory. The cross still stands in its historic place—squarely in the path of every disciple. Jesus calls his followers to come out from the crowd, to show his insignia, to march under his direction, to sacrifice—literally lay down—our money, our time, our sympathy and personal interests—for his cause.

H. P. Hoskins.

This is Christ's ideal: A radiating gospel; a kingdom overflowing, conquering love; a Church that is elected to be a means of blessing to the human race. This ideal is the very nerve of Christian missions at home and abroad; the effort to preach the gospel to every creature, not merely because the world needs to receive it, but because the Church will be rejected and lost unless she gives it. It is not so much a question for us whether any of our fellow men can be saved without Christianity. The question is whether we can be saved if we are willing to keep our Christianity to ourselves.

Henry Van Dyke.

If you are in the right, you may as well keep your temper; if you are in the wrong, you can't afford to lose it.

American Friend.

The French naturalist, Jean Henri Fabre, was once asked by a visitor: "Do you believe in God?" to which he replied emphatically: "I can't say I believe in God; I *see* Him . . ." Others who would hesitate to speak of "seeing" God, or of possessing this inner consciousness, would say that He is "the Master light of all their seeing" . . . One of the leading theological teachers of the last generation, Henry B. Smith, said: "My determination to seek religion was formed solely in consequence of my complete persuasion of its reasonableness. I did not feel any need of it."

Henry Sloan Coffin.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

JAPANESE LANGUAGE SCHOOL

Bernice Kent

Just give your burdened minds a vacation and come over for a few minutes with me and I will take you on an *"ensoku,"* (excursion) to our Japanese Language School. If you prefer, you may spend the whole day with me, but I warn you—the breakfast bell rings at 6.30 and you'll have to allow time enough before then to make your respective toilets. Don't worry about oversleeping, because there are bells at 5.30 and at 6 and there is also considerable noise in the halls in the meantime; I know, for I have tried to sleep.

Breakfast over! You are at perfect liberty to do whatever you wish until eight, for I shall say *"sayonara"* (good-by) and proceed to bury myself in my school note-book and *"tokuhon"* (reading-book) for further preparation on my last night's study. If you are so inclined as to read my *"tokuhon"* while I am studying note-book material, you will find some interesting matter. The *"tokuhon"* contain stories similar to those found in our own primary reading books, and are graded and numbered according to shades of difficulty. We have finished four at Language School already and consider ourselves about on the same level with second-year primary children—the regular Japanese primary schools use the same books. There are historical stories, stories about everyday happenings, stories about festivals, etc. Within these stories are numberless idioms, and it behooves us to store the formula for each one in our memories. The writing is entirely in *"hira-gana,"* *"kata-kana"* and *"kan-ji,"* but we learn to read with considerable rapidity.

Now you may amuse yourselves with my note-book. This material you will find more useful than that of the *"tohuhon,"* because it tells you what to say when you go to the shoemaker's to have your shoes mended, how to entertain a guest, how to engage a room, etc., at a hotel, how to send a telegram, how to converse on the telephone, etc. If you search a bit farther you will find two Bible stories, a short one of Christ's early life, and the entire fourth chapter of St. John, beside a few interesting stories such as the "Tongue-cut Sparrow," the "Hare and the Tortoise," etc. These are all written in the *"kana"* and the *"ji."* They are prepared by the teachers and we are given a page or so a day to fit in our loose-leaf notebook.

But here it is time to start for school! The ten minute walk to the car line will refresh you and give you preparation for the jam on the street-cars. Street-car happenings are sometimes the most interesting points of our conversation. The cars themselves are small and are nearly always crowded. As we endeavor to repeat our memory work with as little help as possible from the printed matter, our neighbors from one end of the jam to the other may be caught straining their astonished eyes over our pages. But here we are at Sannoshita after two changes of cars, and hanging on the car straps all the way.

Were it not for a sign bearing "The Japanese Language School," in both English and in Japanese, over the gate we would little have expected to find the school in this place. It joins hospital grounds on the left, in fact it was heretofore a part of the hospital. We are welcomed in the hall by a group of people who have come in just ahead of us. All together we are a group of some sixty people, eighteen being second year and the rest being our own class, divided in groups of eight or nine. You will meet people of the North, the South, the East, and the West. You will talk with people from England, from Australia, from Ireland, from Germany, from Finland, etc. You will find they represent every denomination and creed, but all are cordial and companionable, fresh on the field and filled with high ideals.

(To be continued)

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

AT MURRAY GROVE

There is every indication that the attendance at the Murray Grove Institute will be much larger than last year—and last year we increased by a hundred per cent. The faculty will deserve a church full of eager listeners, and their subjects are the vital ones that interest all workers. Here is the list:

Rev. Francis W. Gibbs, Dean, "Some Aspects of Bible Teaching," six periods; Miss Jennie Lois Ellis, "The Spirit of Giving," five periods; Mrs. Stanley Manning, "Making the Bible Real," two periods, and "Reaching and Teaching the Adolescents," four periods; Mrs. Sarah Morgan Mercer, "Big Truths for Little People," three periods, and "Problems of Administration," three periods; Rev. Stanley Manning, "The Young People's Christian Union," six periods.

* *

FROM NORTH WEYMOUTH TO STAMFORD

An early start and a joyous journey through gentle rain carried me to Boston on the first lap of my last church school pilgrimage. From there Mrs. Samson piloted me to North Weymouth and the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilder.

A cheerful wide-awake meeting of Sunday school workers, full of problems and plans, was a delightful preparation for the treat in store for me next morning when I preached in their time-honored church and participated in the church school service.

Back to Cambridge I traveled for a happy restful Sunday evening with Dr. and Mrs. Huntley; on through the gold and blue beauty of a perfect morning, for a missionary talk to a goodly gathering of our women at the beautiful home of Mrs. George Tweedy at North Attleboro, on again by automobile to the Woonsocket church, where Mrs. Ellenwood's organized class of girls served a banquet to a roomful of church school workers. Miss Crowell, Rhode Island state president, had come on from Providence, and after supper other visitors arrived, among them Mrs. Söule and her superintendent, from Harrisville.

A most promising feature of the New Haven Sunday school is its large, well-managed Cradle Roll with from forty to fifty members, certainly an assurance for the future. Here, too, I longed to see the school in action, as only Superintendent Rogers and his wife, two teachers and two members were able to attend our conference, Dr. and Mrs. Fischer arriving late from their week-end in Philadelphia.

Meriden was next, with a talk to the missionary women in the afternoon and a church school conference in the evening.

At Danbury I found Rev. G. H. Leining and his superintendent, Mr. Stuckey, laboring valiantly with the help of a small band of earnest consecrated teachers, in spite of scant equipment, to build a strong efficient Sunday school from a small but promising nucleus.

Friday carried me to Bridgeport with a talk to the Girl Scouts, a supper served by them and a conference with the church school workers and some of the trustees. When you recall that Mrs. Blackford is acting as superintendent, what more need be said? She has more than doubled the membership.

Last but far from least, was Stamford, with a conference on Saturday evening in the bright cheery church school room, where I learned that the chief difficulty lay in lack of members. Any church school that has tried some very new and successful scheme for increasing membership, please send your plan to Mr. Alton Williams, the efficient, earnest superintendent at Stamford. (Address Glenbrook.)

Sunday morning's sermon in the beautiful Stamford church and the visit to the church school that followed were a great joy to me and a fitting climax to my week of happy visitation in New England.

Maude Lyon Cary.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONALS

Joseph M. Tilden, president of Lombard College, with his family, motored from Galesburg to Muncie, Indiana, and from there to White River Junction for a camping expedition, and to Boston for the meeting of the Board of Trustees, returning home the first week of August.

Dr. and Mrs. Wm. H. McGlauflin motored from Scranton, Pa., to Murray Grove, N. J., and from there to Boston for the Board meeting. From Boston they went on to Portland and Ferry Beach.

Rev. William Gaskin of Avon, Ill., has taken the Hutchinson, Kansas, church. For some years the General Convention has been backing up this project.

Dr. and Mrs. Lee S. McCollester are now at their summer home in Claremont, N. H. They are now saluted as "grandfather" and "grandmother," a daughter, Elizabeth Lee, having been born to their daughter, Mrs. Hugh Gallaher.

Dr. and Mrs. Vincent E. Tomlinson of Worcester are at 60 Cliff Road, Nantucket, Rhode Island, until Aug. 28.

Judge and Mrs. Roger S. Galer have been offered the editorship of the *Sunday School Helper* and have indicated that probably they will accept. Judge Galer is detained by professional duties in Iowa this summer. Mrs. Galer is at their summer home in Hingham, Mass., caring for a sister who is critically ill.

Illinois

Marseilles.—Rev. E. M. Minor, pastor. The church will be closed for vacation during August. A very fine service was held on the last Sunday in July as the closing service. Miss Margaret Brewster, a 1923 graduate of Lombard College, sang a solo to the enjoyment of all, and the orchestra gave several selections. Mr. Minor's sermon was one that would leave a good impression to carry through vacation. The attendance was unusually large for the closing services. During the vacation the auditorium and other rooms will be redecorated. The Sunday school held its annual picnic July 19. This was very largely attended and enjoyed by all.

Urbana.—Rev. Ray D. Cranmer, pastor. With the service of July 29 the Urbana church closed until the first Sunday in September. At this service ten members were received into the church. The annual Sunday school picnic was held the first week in August. We are planning to take practically our entire young people's organization to the Hoopeston Convention in September.

New York

Middleport.—Rev. E. H. Carritt, pastor. A union picnic of the Methodist church and the Universalist church was held at Lakeside on July 25, about 300 attending. The church closed with the service on July 29 for the usual August vacation. On Monday, July 30, members of the Missionary Society gave Mrs. Carritt, president of the society, a complete surprise at the parsonage, bringing baskets well filled with good things to eat. At the close of the feast Mrs. Carritt was presented with a purse in appreciation of her efficient leadership. At the same time trustees of the church called and presented Mr. Carritt with a substantial purse from his many friends. The young men of Mr. Carritt's Sunday school class also gave him a purse at the same time. Mr. and Mrs. Carritt and son motored to Boston, Mass., where they will spend their vacation. Miss Atha Freeman attended the Y. P. C. U. Convention at Muncie, and Miss Josia Scarborough was sent by the church to Murray Grove.

North Carolina

Clinton.—Rev. Leon P. Jones. pastor. The rally for Juniors and Young People held here on Sunday, July 29, had delegations in attendance from Red Hill, about twenty, and from Oak Grove, Hopewell and Clinton enough to make about fifty. Sermons were preached for the Juniors and the young people and a special missionary story was told by Mrs. Jones for the children. There was a basket dinner in the parsonage and the Y. P. C. U. Convention was presented from the letters of five personal friends who were introduced to the young people here by description. This was a successful meeting much enjoyed by all, though the attendance was reduced by lack of transportation and stormy weather.

Vermont

Northfield.—Rev. H. G. Mann, pastor. Our church closed the last Sunday in July for the regular vacation period and will open again the first Sunday in September. During last summer and fall, our church building was completely redecorated throughout the interior. The old solid dark green effect has now given way to a combination of buff and cream that has given a pleasing cheerfulness to the church. A new steel ceiling has been added, and the indirect lighting system installed. A small balcony that was in the rear of the church interior has been extended out into the auditorium, thus providing a large social room which has become popular for the excellent cafeteria suppers that the Ladies' Aid Society serve there from time to time. This room also provides for the social life of the church and a victrola has been added. We have also purchased new pews which adds much to the comfort of our worshipers. After all this had been accomplished, the church received the gift of a beautiful memorial window entitled "Christ the Good Shepherd." It is all in one piece and is twelve feet high and six feet wide, and occupies the center of the left hand side of the church, opposite the pew where Herbert Elmer Reed used to sit, and in whose memory it was given by his daughter, Mrs. George James. The new subscriptions this year were larger by a considerable amount over previous years. Mr. Mann has been very active in all community and interchurch interests, being responsible for the organization of the Ministerial Brotherhood of Northfield, of which he is the secretary and treasurer. He is also secretary of the interchurch organization consisting of the pastors and two laymen from each of the churches in town. He is chairman of the citizens' troop committee of Boy Scouts, and is largely responsible for the present Scout movement in town. Besides this, he devotes some of his time to newspaper work, being associate editor of the *Northfield News*. His engagement to Miss Ruth E. Staples, daughter of Selectman and Mrs. Solon P. Staples of our town, gives assurance of continued effective work. Miss Staples has been a teacher in the schools of Northfield for a number of years.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	1,387
Urbana, Ill.	16
Total	1,403

* *

THE SEASON AT FERRY BEACH

The hotels have now been open several weeks and many availed themselves of the privileges ere the season of Institutes and meetings. Sunday, July 29, the preaching services were held in the Pavilion owing to the inclement weather. The registration is large for the first week, with very large numbers coming for the Sunday School Institute from Aug. 6 to 11.

The president and Rev. J. Frank Thompson were the preachers the 29th, Rev. Harriet Baker Robinson Wednesday, Aug. 1; and Rev. Eleanor Forbes and Rev. Arthur Wilson for Aug. 5.

The faculty of the W. N. M. A. Institute are Rev. Maude Lyon Cary, Rev. Josephine Folsom, Misses Susan Andrews and Rena Bradley, and Mrs. George E. Huntley musical director.

The closing week of the session is the Y. P. C. U. Institute under leadership of Rev. Ellsworth Reamon of Minneapolis, Attendance always reaches high tide this week of the Y. P. C. U. and this year will be no exception, the attendance already listed coming from many states. Ferry Beach is very popular with the western young people.

Withal there is the usual splendid de-

votional spirit and great enjoyment of the unexcelled surroundings of beach and grove. There is a large attendance this year of the clergy.

The laymen are taking Saturday afternoon and evening Aug. 11 for banquet and get together and are to be in evidence on the following day, Aug. 12, which is the fourth annual meet of the laymen. The paid membership of the Association is now near the 500 mark and several new life members are enrolled.

W. R. Rowland, President.

* *

MURRAY GROVE

Murray Grove is thriving. Folks are coming in in increasing numbers. Last Sunday (July 29) Rev. U. S. Milburn preached to the best congregation yet and our midday meal was enjoyed by a large number. We will have a photograph for next week's issue we believe. The lectures that Mr. Milburn has given have been greatly enjoyed. The Passion Play was given twice by request. On Monday night the lecture on Switzerland was especially enjoyed and all who heard are looking forward eagerly to the next one. Everything indicates a very busy month of August.

* *

GENERAL CONVENTION LEGACY

The Universalist General Convention has been made the residuary legatee of the estate of Mrs. Frances A. Wilson, widow of the late Rev. Andrew Wilson of Ravenna, Ohio, and should realize several thousand dollars from this estate.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, one of the rugged pioneer preachers of Ohio, is still a blessed influence for good over the wide area to which he ministered.

* *

Notices

VERMONT AND QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

July 23. Voted to ordain J. Emery Coulter of Huntingville, P. Q., Rev. George F. Fortier appointed to confer fellowship. Voted to accept transfer of Rev. George L. Mason from Massachusetts.

George F. Fortier, Clerk.

* *

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

Sept. 19, 1923. New Hampshire State Convention, Portsmouth.

Oct. 20-28, 1923. Universalist General Convention, Providence, R. I.

Nov. 1-4, 1923. Alabama State Convention.

* *

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE, LANGDON, N. H.

The annual Pilgrimage to the old meeting-house in Langdon, N. H., takes place this year on Aug. 19, with services in the forenoon and afternoon. One of the preachers will be Rev. Owen Washburn of Marlboro, N. H. Mr. Richard Billings of Woodstock, Vt., is to be one of the speakers. Rev. Hendrik Vossema and other ministers will be present with the local pastor, Rev. Alven M. Smith.

Tables will be set in the Town Hall, beneath the church auditorium, for luncheon, served to the visiting guests at noon, and a basket picnic will be held.

The date of this Pilgrimage is also Langdon's Old Home Day—and many will return to this ancient shrine, built in 1793, to receive inspiration and the joy of fellowship.

Sarah A. Porter.

125TH ANNIVERSARY

The Universalist Society of Strafford, Vt., will celebrate its 125th anniversary Aug. 19. The service at 10.30 a. m. will be held at the church at South Strafford with a historical address by Mrs. Geo. M. Moore and one by Rev. Geo. F. Fortier, Superintendent of Churches. At 12.30 there will be a basket lunch. At 2 p. m. a service will be held in the town hall, Strafford, where the first services were held. Addresses by Rev. Stanley G. Spear of Boston and Rev. Henry I. Cushman, D. D., of Providence. The music for the day will be by the Montgomery Male Quartette of Milford, Mass. The services will be under the general direction of Rev. Harry F. Fister, who has been summer pastor for a great many years.

* *

RESERVATIONS FOR THE PROVIDENCE CONVENTION

The local committee for the Providence Convention requests the officers of the denominational auxiliaries, and others, to make reservations early if they are going to need space for exhibits, booths, etc., in the vestry of the First Church during the Convention.

Kindly make your wants known to the undersigned and we will endeavor to meet your requirements.

R. R. Hadley,
145 Chester Ave., Providence, R. I.

* *

FERRY BEACH, MAINE

Season of 1923

Preaching services will be held in the Grove with the following speakers:

Sunday, Aug. 12, a. m. Rev. Arthur E. Wilson; p. m. Rev. Fred Line.
Wednesday, Aug. 15, a. m., to be announced.
Sunday, Aug. 19, a. m. Rev. Ellsworth Reamon; p. m. Y. P. C. U. Leaders.

* *

MURRAY GROVE FAIR, 1923

The Annual Fair for the benefit of the Murray Grove Association will be held at Murray Grove August 17 and 18 under the direction of Mrs. Joseph Crowell, Jr., assisted by Miss Hattie E. Miller.

Will you be one to help make $1,000?

Kindly send all donations of money, fancy and useful articles to either member of the committee.

Address until Aug. 1, Valley Stream, Long Island, N. Y. After that date to Murray Grove House, Forked River, New Jersey.

* *

MURRAY GROVE, N J., SEASON OF 1923

The following program will reveal that the coming season at Murray Grove is likely to surpass any preceding one in attractiveness and attenance.

July 26, 28 and 30 and August 1, beautifully illustrated travelogues by Rev. U. S. Milburn.

Saturday, Aug. 11—Birthday Party.

Sunday, Aug. 12—Preaching service by Rev. John Murray Atwood, D. D.

Thursday, Aug. 16—Annual business meeting.

Friday and Saturday, Aug. 17 and 18—Annual fair.

Sunday, Aug. 19—Preaching service by Rev. Maude Lyon Carey.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25—Institute of the Women's National Missionary Association.

Sunday, Aug. 26—Preaching service by Rev. Francis W. Gibbs.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday, Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31 and Sept 1 and 3—Institute of the General Sunday School Association and the Young People's Christian Union.

Sunday, Sept. 2 (evening). Address by Rev. Hannah Powell.

Numerous religious services, lectures, entertainments and excursions throughout the season.

The rates at Murray Grove are very low, the rooms and board are good and the company is delightful. For reservations or information address Rev. H. M. Cary, Little Falls, New York.

* *

Obituary

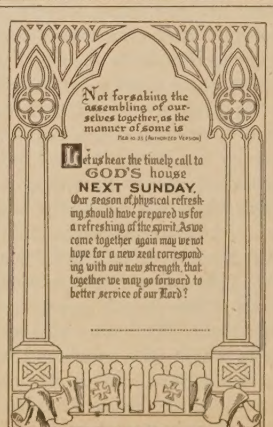
Maria L. Van Cise

Maria Louisa Van Cise was born in Adams County, Penn., Sept. 15, 1846, and died April 17, 1923, at her home in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

She was the fifth of nine children born to Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Van Cise, and of that large family only one, Miss Emma, now survives. The Van Cise family moved to Mt. Pleasant in 1857. Miss Van Cise had been a member of the Universalist church since 1868 and of the Aid Society since its organization.

For more than fifty years an incurable disease made activity difficult and painful, but she bore pain with cheerful courage, took an active part in social and religious life while able, and retained her interest after illness made her a prisoner at home.

The funeral services were held at the house at 4 p. m., April 18, in charge of Mrs. R. S. Galer.


Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is
Let us hear the timely call to GOD'S house
NEXT SUNDAY.
Our season of physical refreshing should have prepared us for a refreshing of the spirit. As we come together again may we not hope for a new zeal corresponding with our new strength, that together we may go forward to better service of our Lord?

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MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established for Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand dollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited.

The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address,

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A speaker at a ministers' meeting in Boston told the story of a negro clergyman who so pestered his bishop with appeals for help that it became necessary to tell him that he must not send any more appeals. His next communication was as follows:

"This is not an appeal. It is a report. I have no pants."—*Houston.*

* *

"Is your daughter going to practise on the piano this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, will you please loan me your lawn mower? I have to do the lawn some time, anyway."—*Pennsylvania Farmer.*

* *

"I hear, Si, that while ye were in the city ye took up this here golf. How'd ye like it?"

"Wall, tol'able. It's a leetle harder than hoein' corn an' a leetle easier than diggin' potatoes."—*Farm and Home.*

* *

Teacher: "We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can any one think of any other examples?"

Willie Willis: "Our lawn-mower from the Smiths, our snow-shovel from the Joneses, and our baby carriage from the Bumps."—*Judge (New York).*

* *

Little Jane was saying her prayers, and asking God to take care of about every one she could think of.

"I guess God will take care of us," said her mother. "You know, Jane, God is Father of us all."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Jane, "no, He isn't; George Washington is."

"No, my dear, George Washington was the Father of his Country, but God is the Father of us all.

Jane was thoughtfully silent for a moment, and then exclaimed, "But, mother, if that is so, where does daddy come in?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

* *

Wife (to home-coming husband): "Oh, Bill, it's been dreadful here all day. That foreign couple above have been quarreling and shouting, and I haven't been able to understand a word of it."—*Punch (London).*

* *

"Ma," he said plaintively, "does you know whereabouts my shoes and stockin's is?"

"Rastus," said his mother, exasperated, "yo' is de good-fer-nothin'ness nigger dat I knows. Yo' shoes am behind de do', yo' stockin's am undah de bed, and yo' feets am on you. Now see can you mingle 'em."—*Western Recorder.*

* *

Doctor: "Ah, your cough is much better to-day. "

Patient: "Yes, I have practised it all night."—*Christiania Karikaturen.*

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